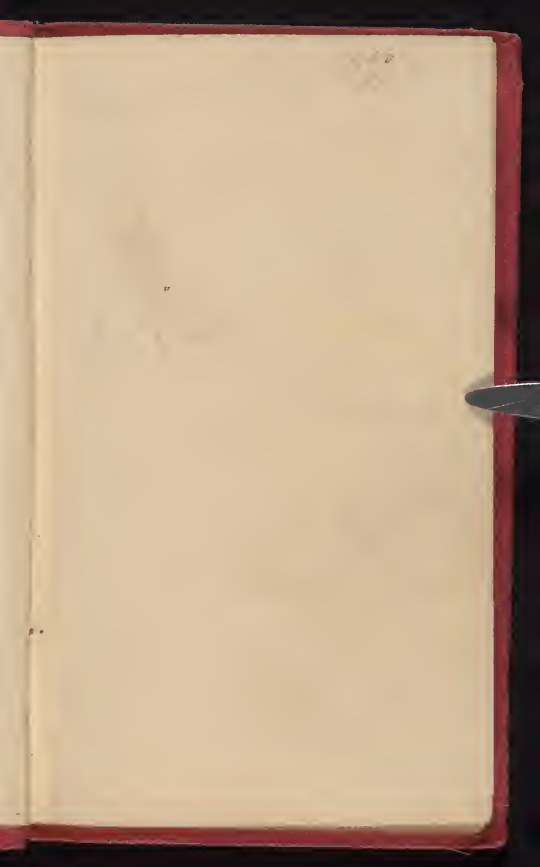




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1848.



THE
LADIES' VASE
OF
WILD FLOWERS:
A
COLLECTION OF GEMS
FROM THE
BEST AUTHORS.

BY MISS COLMAN.

AUBURN, N. Y.:
DERBY, MILLER AND COMPANY.
BUFFALO: DERBY & HEWSON.

1848.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1846, by
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Dedication.

To Miss Helen McK. Cochran, the companion of many happy hours, this little collection is affectionately dedicated by

P. A. C.

16-02-41

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WILD FLOWERS.

Field Flowers.

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildlings of Nature, I dote upon you,

For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy
delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing
streams

And of birchen glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine re-
mote,

And the deep mellow crush of the wood pigeon's note
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildlings of June :
 Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my
 mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

E'en now what affections the violet awakes !
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
 Can the wild water-lily restore !
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
 In the vetches that tangled their shore !

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear
 Had scathed my existence's bloom ;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless
 stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
 And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

Ode to the Flowers.

DAY STARS ! that ope your eyes with man to twinkle,
 kle,

From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
 As a libation !

Ye matin worshippers ! who bending lowly
 Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
 Incense on high !

Ye bright mosaics ! that with storied beauty
 The floor of nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instinctive duty
 Your forms create !

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that
 swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields that ever ringeth
 A call to prayer—

Not to the domes, where crumbling arch and column
Assert the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned,—

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamp the sun and moon supply;
Its choir, the winds and waves; its organ, thunder;
Its dome, the sky!

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the
sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,—
Each cup a pulpit,—every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From lowliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
Weep without woe, and blush without a crime!

Oh! may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
Arrayed,"—the lily cries,—“in robes like ours:
“How vain your grandeur! ah! how transitory
Are human flowers!”

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist!
With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread
hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Nor useless are ye, flowers, though made for pleas-
ure,
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night;
From every source your sanction bids me measure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope;
Each fading calyx a “*memento mori*,”—
Yet fount of hope?

Posthumous glories ! angel-like collection !

Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Were I, O God ! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines !

Flowers, the Gift of Divine Benignity.

YES, there shall still be joy
Where God hath poured forth beauty ; and the voice
Of human love shall still be heard in praise
Over His glorious gifts !—O Father, Lord !
The All Beneficent ! I bless Thy name,
That Thou hast mantled the green earth with flowers,
Linking our hearts to nature ! By the love
Of their wild blossoms, our young footsteps first
Into her deep recesses are beguiled,—
Her minster cells,—dark glen and forest bower :—

Where, thrilling with its earliest sense of Thee,
Amidst the low religious whisperings,
And shivery leaf sounds of the solitude,
The spirit wakes to worship, and is made
Thy living temple. By the breath of flowers,
Thou callest us from city throngs and cares,
Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain streams,
That sing of Thee!—back to free childhood's heart,
Fresh with the dews of tenderness!—Thou bidd'st
The lilies of the field with placid smile
Reprove man's feverish heart-strings, and infuse
Through his worn soul a more unworldly life,
With their soft holy breath. Thou hast not left
His purer nature, with its fine desires,
Uncared for in this universe of Thine!—
The glowing rose attests it, the beloved
Of poet hearts,—touched by their fervent dreams
With spiritual light, and made a source
Of heaven-ascending thoughts. E'en to faint age
Thou lend'st the vernal bliss:—The old man's eye
Falls on the kindling blossoms; and his soul
Remembers youth and love, and hopefully
Turns unto Thee, who call'st earth's buried germs

From dust to splendor; as the mortal seed
Shall, at Thy summons, from the grave spring up
To put on glory,—to be girt with power,
And filled with immortality. Receive
Thanks, blessing, love, for these, thy lavish boons,
And, most of all, their heavenward influences,—
O Thou that gav'st us flowers!

Flowers sent me during Illness.

I LOVED you ever, gentle Flowers,
And made you playmates of my youth;
The while your spirit stole
In secret to my soul,
To shed a softness through my ripening powers,
And lead the thoughtful mind to deepest truth.

And now, when weariness and pain
Had cast you almost from my breast,
With each a smiling face,
In all your simple grace,
You come once more to take me back again,
From pain to ease, from weariness to rest.

Kind visitants! through my sick room
You seem to breathe an air of health,
And with your looks of joy
To wake again the *boy*,
And to the pallid cheek restore its bloom,
And o'er the desert mind pour boundless wealth.

And whence ye came, by brimming stream,
'Neath rustling leaves, with birds within,
Again I musing tread,—
Forgot my restless bed
And long sick hours.—Too short the blessed dream!
I wake to pain!—to hear the city's din!

But time nor pain shall ever steal
Or youth, or beauty from my mind.
And blessings on ye, Flowers!
Though few with me your hours,
The youth and beauty, and the heart to feel,
In her who sent you, ye will leave behind!

To a Flower.

DAWN, gentle flower,
From the morning earth !
We will gaze and wonder
At thy wondrous birth !

Bloom, gentle flower !
Lover of the light,
Sought by wind and shower,
Fondled by the night !

Fade, gentle flower !
All thy white leaves close ;
Having shown thy beauty,
Time 't is for repose.

Die, gentle flower,
In the silent sun !
So,—all pangs are over,
All thy tasks are done !

Day hath no more glory,
Though he soars so high;
Thine is all *man's* story,
Live,—and love,—and die!

The Water-Lily.

Oh! beautiful thou art,
Thou sculpture-like and stately River-Queen!—
Crowning the depths, as with the light serene
Of a pure heart.

Bright lily of the wave!
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
Dwelt in thy cell:

Lifting alike thy head
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower!—
The gentle and the firm—thus bearing up
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,
As to the shower?

Oh! Love is most like thee,—
The love of woman,—quivering to the blast
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,
'Midst Life's dark sea!

And Faith—Oh! is not Faith
Like thee, too, Lily,—springing into light,
Still buoyantly, above the billows' might,
Through the storm's breath?

Yes, linked with such high thought,
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie!
Till something there of its own purity
And peace is wrought:—

Something yet more divine
Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre shed
Forth from thy breast upon the river's bed,
As from a shrine!

The Death of the Flowers.

THE melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
The withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves;
The gentle race of flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds,—
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie,
But the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,
They perished long ago,
And the briar-rose and the orchis died,
Amid the summer glow ;
But on the hill the golden-rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook,
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men :—
And the brightness of their smile was gone,
From upland glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home ;

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
 Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
 The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
 Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
 And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
 Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
 And faded by my side ;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
 When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
 Should have a life so brief :
Yet not unmeet it was that one,
 Like that young friend of ours,
 So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

The Lily of the Valley.

I HAD found out a sweet green spot,
Where a lily was blooming fair;
The din of the city disturbed it not,
But the spirit that shades the quiet cot
With its wings of love was there.

I found that lily's bloom,
When the day was dark and chill;
It smiled like a star in a misty gloom,
And it sent abroad a soft perfume,
Which is floating around me still.

I sat by the lily's bell,
And watched it many a day :
The leaves, that rose in a flowing swell,
Grew faint and dim, then drooped and fell,
And the flower had flown away.

I looked where the leaves were laid,
In withering paleness, by,
And, as gloomy thoughts stole on me, said,

There is many a sweet and blooming maid,
Who will soon as dimly die.

To the Trailing Arbutus.

THOU comest when Spring her coronal weaves,
And thou hidest thyself mid dead strewn leaves,—
Where the young grass lifts its tender blade,
Thy home and thy resting-place are made;
And, in the spot of thy lowly birth,
Unseen, thou bloomest, like modest worth:
The richest jewel, the rarest gem
May never glow in a diadem.

What knowest thou of the glittering pride
Of vales that blush, like a jewelled bride—
When the pomp of roses and gilded flowers
Springs mid the falling of Sununer showers?
What can'st thou know of those breathing skies,
Adorned with the diamonds of Paradise—
Or the sunrise crown, or the golden flow
Of noontide streams, in their deep warm glow?

Thou comest from winter's cold caress,
To rejoice in the young Spring's loveliness :
But thou seest the sky when the cloud appears,
And the blue eye of heaven is dim with tears ;
And, cold and clear, o'er thy dewy bed
The starbeam lustre of night is shed ;
And no bright-tinting flashes are seen,
Though morn be cloudless and eve serene.

Yet, flower of Modesty, born alone—
When the leaves of Autumn still lie strown,
Art thou not dearer in Spring's first prime,
Than the fairest rose of the Summer time ?
Thus in *her* pathway of joy and light,
Away from the idle gazer's sight,
'Tis meet that Beauty should pass her hour,
Lonely and modest like thee, sweet flower !

The Sweet Brier.

OUR sweet, autumnal, western-scented wind,
Robs of its odors none so sweet a flower,
In all the blooming waste it left behind,
As that, the Sweet-brier yields it; and the shower
Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower
One half so lovely;—yet it grows along
The poor girl's pathway, by the poor man's door,
Such are the simple folks it dwells among;
And humble as the bud, so humble be the song.

I love it, for it takes its untouched stand,
Not in the vase that sculptors decorate;
Its sweetness all is of my native land;
And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate
Among the perfumes which the rich and great
Buy from the odors of the spicy east.
You love your flowers and plants; and will you
hate

The little four-leaved rose that I love best,
That freshest will awake, and sweetest go to rest?

An Extract.

I KNOW, for thou hast told me,
Thy maiden love of flowers;
Ah, those that deck thy gardens,
Are pale compared with ours.
When our wide woods and mighty lawns
Bloom to the April skies,
The Earth hath no more glorious sight
To show to human eyes.
Come, thou hast not forgotten
Thy pledge and promise quite,
With many blushes murmured
Beneath the evening light,
Come, the young violets crowd my door,
Thy earliest look to win;
And at my silent window sill
The jessamine peeps in.
All day the red-bird warbles
Upon the mulberry near,
And the night-sparrow thrills his song,
All night with none to hear.

The Flower Girl's Song.

TENDER flowers! tender flowers!

Fresh, and dripping wet!

Tears of morning's earliest showers

On their faces yet,

Bursting bud, and fuller blossom,

'Tender flowers for lady's bosom!

Roses for a maiden's brow,

Red, and ripe, and sweet,

There they 'll almost seem to blow

On their native seat:

Maiden, buy my dripping roses,

Bright as those your cheek discloses.

Here are lilies of the valley,

Sweetest odor! they were grown

In a dark and leafy alley,

I discovered it alone:

Ladies! if it be your pleasure,

Buy this bunch of scented treasure.

This can never be resisted,
Ladies! only look at this;
Here are links of Fusia twisted
With the mournful Clematis;
Grief with beauty is contending
In these two lovely flowers blending.

All the choicest country flowers
In this bunch I've tied,
Woodbine from the cottage bowers,
Harebells from the side
Of hills, and heath from off the mountains,
Bound with moss from brink of fountains.

Ladies, you will not forget
The flower all children love,
The gentle blue-eyed Violet!
Come buy this bunch, and prove
That you at least, in all your sadness,
Have not forgot your hours of gladness.

And for those that daintier are,
Nosegays I have not forgot,
Look into my basket where
White Camellias I have got:

Ladies! what can match the brightness
Of that fair flower's perfect whiteness?

Tender flowers! tender flowers!

Fresh and dripping wet!

Tears of morning's earliest showers

On their faces yet;

Bursting bud, and fuller blossom,

Tender flowers for lady's bosom!

HERE have I lain all day in this green nook,
Shaded by larch and hornbeam, ash and yew;
A living well and runnel at my feet,
And wild flowers, dancing to some delicate air,
An urn-topped column and its ivy wreath
Skirting my sight as thus I lie and look
Upon the blue, unchanging, sacred skies.

F L O W E R S .

THE impatient Morn,
Flushed with the vernal gale, calls forth, " Arise!
To trace the hills, the meads, where thousand dyes
The ground adorn,
While the dew sparkles yet within the violet's
eyes: "

And when the day
In golden slumber sinks, with accent sweet
Mild Evening comes to lure the willing feet
With her to stray,
Where'er the bashful flowers the observant eye may
greet.

Near the moist brink
Of music-loving streams they ever keep,
And often in the lucid fountains peep;
Oft, laughing, drink
Of the mad torrent's spray, perched near the thun-
dering steep.

And everywhere
Along the plashy marge, and shallow bed
Of the still waters, they innumerable spread;
Rocked gently there,
The beautiful white lily pillows its bright head.

Within the dell,
Within the rocky clefts they love to hide;
And hang adventurous on the steep hill-side;
Or rugged fell,
Where the young eagle waves his wings in youthful
pride.

In the green sea
Of forest leaves, where nature wanton plays,
They humbler bloom; though through the verdant
maze

The tulip-tree
Its golden chalice oft triumphantly displays:

And, of pure white,
Embedded mid its glossy leaves on high,
There the superb magnolia lures the eye;
While waving light
The locust's airy tassels scent the ambient sky.

But oh! ye bowers—
Ye valleys where the spring perpetual reigns,
And myriad blossoms o'er the purple plains
Exuberant showers—
How fancy revels in your lovelier domains!

All love the light;
Yet, in ethereal beauty, too, arrayed,
What flowers unnumbered spring within the shade,
Till comes a blight—
Comes unaware—and then incontinent they fade!

And thus they bloom,
And thus their lives ambrosial breathe away;
Thus flourish too the lovely and the gay:
And the same doom
Youth, beauty, flower alike consigns to swift decay.

An Extract.

I stood tiptoe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved, and finely tapering stems,
Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new-shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves:
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
There was wide wandering for the greediest eye,
To peer about upon variety;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim;
To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending:

Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves,
I gazed awhile, and felt as light, and free
As though the fanning wings of Mercury
Had played upon my heels: I was light hearted,
And many pleasures to my vision started;
So I straightway began to pluck a posy
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft and rosy.

A bush of May-flowers with the bees about them;
Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without them;
And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,
And let long grass grow round the roots, to keep
them

Moist, cool and green; and shade the violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

A filbert-hedge with wild-brier overtwined,
And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind
Upon their summer thrones; there too should be
The frequent chequer of a youngling tree,
That with a score of light green brethren shoots
From the quaint mossiness of aged roots:

Round which is heard a spring-head of clear waters
Babbling so wildly of its loving daughters,
The spreading bluebells ; it may haply mourn
That such fair clusters should be rudely torn
From their fresh beds, and scattered thoughtlessly
By infant hands left on the path to die.

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds !
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises should be sung
On many harps which he has lately strung ;
And when again your dewiness he kisses,
Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses :
So haply when I rove in some far vale,
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight :
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.
Linger awhile upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,

And watch intently Nature's gentle doings,
They will be found softer than ring-dove's cooings.
How silent comes the water round that bend;
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging salallows : blades of grass
Slowly across the chequered shadows pass.
Why you might read two sonnets, ere they reach
To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds;
Where swarms of minnows show their little heads.
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
To taste the luxury of sunny beams
Tempered with coolness. How they ever wrestle
With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand !
If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain ;
But turn your eye, and they are there again.
The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses,
And cool themselves among the emerald tresses ;
The while they cool themselves, they freshness
give,
And moisture, that the bowery green may live :

So keeping up an interchange of favors,
Like good men in the truth of their behaviors.
Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop
From low-hung branches : little space they stop ;
But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek ;
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak :
Or perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.
Were I in such a place, I sure should pray
That naught less sweet might call my thoughts
 away,
Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown
Fanning away the dandelion's down :
Than the light music of her nimble toes
Patting against the sorrel as she goes.
How she would start, and blush, thus to be caught
Playing in all her innocence of thought !
O let me lead her gently o'er the brook,
Watch her half-smiling lips and downward look ;
O let me for one moment touch her wrist ;
Let me one moment to her breathing list ;
And as she leaves me may she often turn
Her fair eyes looking through her locks auburn.

What next ? A tuft of evening primroses,
O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes ;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that 't is ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers ; or by the flitting
Of divers moths, that aye their rest are quitting ;
Or by the moon lifting her silver rim
Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim
Coming into the blue with all her light.
O Maker of sweet poets ! dear delight
Of this fair world and all its gentle livers ;
Spangler of clouds, halo of crystal rivers,
Mingler with leaves, and dew and tumbling streams,
Closer of lovely eyes to lovely dreams,
Lover of loneliness, and wandering,
Of upcast eye, and tender pondering !
Thee must I praise above all other glories
That smile us on to tell delightful stories.
For what has made the sage or poet write
But the fair paradise of Nature's light ?
In the calm grandeur of a sober line,
We see the waving of the mountain pine ;

And when a tale is beautifully staid,
We feel the safety of a hawthorn glade:
When it is moving on luxurious wings,
The soul is lost in pleasant smotherings:
Fair dewy roses brush against our faces,
And flowering laurels spring from diamond vases;
O'er-head we see the jasmine and sweet-brier,
And bloomy grapes laughing from green attire;
While at our feet, the voice of crystal bubbles
Charms us at once away from all our troubles.

Forget-me-not.

THERE is a flower, a lovely flower,
Tinged deep with Faith's unchanging hue;
Pure as the ether, in its hour
Of loveliest and serenest blue.
The streamlet's gentle side it seeks,
The silent fount, the shaded grot;
And sweetly to the heart it speaks,
Forget-me-not, forget-me-not.

Mild as the azure of thine eyes,
Soft as the halo-beam above,
In tender whispers still it sighs,
Forget-me-not, my life, my love !
There, where thy last steps turned away,
Wet eyes shall watch the sacred spot,
And this sweet flower be heard to say,
Forget ! ah, no ! forget-me-not !

Yet deep its azure leaves within,
Is seen the blighting hue of care ;
And what that secret grief hath been,
The drooping stem may well declare.
The dewdrops on its leaves, are tears,
That ask, ' Am I so soon forgot ? '
Repeating still, amidst their fears,
My love, my life ! forget-me-not.



Wild Flowers,

GATHERED FOR A SICK FRIEND.

Rise from the dells where ye first were born,
From the tangled beds of the weed and thorn;
Rise, for the dews of the morn are bright,
And haste away with your eyes of light.
The greenhouse princes, with gathering frown,
On your simple garbs may look haughtily down,
Yet shrink not—His finger your heads hath bowed,
Who heeds the lowly, and humbles the proud.
The tardy spring, and the frosty sky,
Have meted your robes with a miser's eye,
And checked the blush of your blossoms free;
With a gentler friend your home shall be,
To a kinder ear you may tell your tale
Of the zephyr's kiss, and the scented gale.
Ye are charmed! ye are charmed! and your fragrant sigh
Is health to the bosom on which ye die.

The Evening Primrose.

PALE Primrose! lingering for the evening star
To bless thee with its beam, like some fair child,
Who, ere he rests on Morpheus' downy car,
Doth wait his mother's blessing, pure and mild,
To hallow his gay dream. His red lips breathe
The prompted prayer, fast by that parent's knee,
Even as thou rearest thy sweetly fragrant wreath
To matron Evening, while she smiles on thee.

Go to thy rest, pale flower! The star hath shed
His benison upon thy bosom fair,
The dews of summer bathe thy pensive head,
And weary man forgets his daily care:
Sleep on, my rose! till morning gilds the sky,
And bright Aurora's kiss unseals thy trembling eye.



The Garland.

"TAKE this garland for thy golden hair"—
So I spake unto a maiden fair,
Maid with eyes of love, like heaven's own blue,
Thinnest veil of cloud soft shining through—
"Take this garland—'t is of earliest bloom,
Newly plucked, and filled with fresh perfume.
Had I jewel rare, and precious stone,
Gems of Ind, O! they were thine alone;
Costliest gift for thee were all too poor—
Take this garland—I can give no more.
Fairer flowers than these indeed I know;
On the lonely heath afar they blow:
There the violet peeps beside the spring,
Coyly peeps, as loving linnets sing—
Go with me, and we will gather there
Fairer, sweeter flowers to wreath thy hair."
Bashfully the maid the garland took;
Like rewarded child, she blushed and shook:
Clearest red her cheek, as when the rose,
Dewy shene, behind the lily blows.

Low she bowed, and love-looks sparkled clear,
Under silken lashes, through a tear :
That was my reward —O ! there was one,
Holier far, my lips shall breathe to none.

A Fable.

ONCE, in the heart of a desert,
Blossomed a rose-bush unseen :
Only the sands were around it ;
Nought but its leaf was there green.
Ever, at evening and morning,
Trickled its flowers with dew ;
And then, in light circles, round it
Fondly a nightingale flew.

Over the sands strayed a pilgrim,
Lost in the midst of the wild,
When on his faint eye, at evening,
Sweetly the rose-blossom smiled :
Sweetly the nightingale wooed him,
Under its shade to repose ;

There his song charmed him to slumber,
Wet by the dew of the rose.

Freshly he rose in the morning—
Dug in the sand by the flower,
And a bright fountain up-sparkled,
Welling with bubbling shower :
Over the sands as it murmured,
Green sprung the grass by its side ;
Round it a garden soon blossomed,
Fed by its life-giving tide.

There, too, a wild vine up-started ;
Under its shelter he dwelt :
Morning and evening, yet ever
Low by the rose-bush he knelt.
So in the far waste forgotten,
Still flowed his pure life along,
Soothed by the rose-blossom's fragrance,
Charmed by the nightingale's song.

An Extract.

THIS mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all the proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

The Lily.

I HAD found out a sweet green spot,
Where a lily was blooming fair :
The din of the city disturbed it not,
But the spirit that shades the quiet cot
With its wings of love, was there.

I found that lily's bloom
When the day was dark and chill :
It smiled like a star in the misty gloom,
And it sent abroad a soft perfume,
Which is floating around me still.

I sat by the lily's bell,
And watched it many a day :—
The leaves, that rose in a flowing swell,
Grew faint and dim, then drooped and fell,
And the flower had flown away.

I looked where the leaves were laid,
In withering paleness, by,

And, as gloomy thoughts stole on me, said,
There is many a sweet blooming maid,
Who will soon as dimly die.

The Lily and Violet.

"I WILL tell you a secret!" the honey-bee said,
To a violet drooping her dew laden head;
"The lily's in love! for she listened last night,
While her sisters all slept in the holy moonlight,
To a zephyr that just had been rocking the rose,
Where, hidden, I hearkened in seeming repose.

"I would not betray her to any but *you*;
But the secret is safe with a spirit so true,
It will rest in your bosom in silence profound."
The violet bent her blue eye to the ground;
A tear and a smile in her loving look lay,
While the light-winged gossip went whirring away.

"I will tell you a secret!" the honey-bee said,
And the young lily lifted her beautiful head;

"The violet thinks, with her timid blue eye,
To pass for a blossom enchantingly shy,
But for all her sweet manners, so modest and pure,
She gossips with every gay bird that sings to her.

"Now let me advise you, sweet flower! as a friend,
Oh! ne'er to such beings your confidence lend;
It grieves me to see one, all guileless like you,
Thus wronging a spirit so trustful and true:
But not for the world, love, my secret betray!"
And the little light gossip went buzzing away.

A blush in the lily's cheek trembled and fled;
"I'm sorry he told me," she tenderly said;
"If I may n't trust the violet, pure as she seems,
I must fold in my own heart my beautiful dreams!"
Was the mischief well managed? Fair lady is't
true?

Did the light garden gossip take lessons of *you*?

The Daisy.

A SUNBEAM and zephyr were playing about,
One spring, ere a blossom had peeped from the
stem,
When they heard, underground, a faint fairy-like
shout—
'T was the voice of a field-daisy calling to them.

"Oh! tell me, my friend, has the winter gone by?
Is it time to come up? Is the Crocus there yet?
I know you are sporting above, and I sigh
To be with you and kiss you;—'t is long since
we met!

"I've been ready this great while,—all dressed for
the show;
I've a gem on my bosom that's pure as a star;
And the frill of my robe is as white as the snow;
And I mean to be brighter than Crocuses are."

Now the zephyr and sunbeam were wild with delight !

It seemed a whole age since they 'd played with
a flower ;

So they told a great fib to the poor little sprite,
That was languishing down in her underground
bower.

"Come out ! little darling ! as quick as you can !
The Crocus, the Cowslip, and Buttercup too,
Have been up here this fortnight, we're having
grand times,
And all of them hourly asking for you !

"The Cowslip is crowned with a topaz tiara ;
The Crocus is flaunting in golden attire ;
But you, little pet ! are a thousand times fairer ;
To see you but once, is to love and admire !

"The skies smile benignantly all the day long ;
The bee drinks your health in the purest of dew ;
The lark has been waiting to sing you a song,
Which he practised in Cloudland on purpose for
you !

"Come, come! you are either too bashful or lazy!

Lady Spring made this season an early entrée;
And she wondered what could have become of her
Daisy;

We'll call you coquettish, if still you delay!"

Then a still, small voice, in the heart of the flower,
It was Instinct, whispered her, "Do not go!
You had better be quiet, and wait your hour;
It is n't too late even yet for snow!"

But the little field-blossom was foolish and vain,
And she said to herself, "What a belle I shall
be!"

So she sprang to the light, as she broke from her
chain,
And gayly she cried, "I am free! I am free!"

A shy little thing is the Daisy, you know;
And she was half frightened to death, when she
found

Not a blossom had even *begun* to blow!
How she wished herself back again under the
ground!

The tear in her timid and sorrowful eye
Might well put the zephyr and beam to the
blush ;

But the saucy light laughed, and said, " Pray don't
cry ! "

And the gay zephyr sang to her, " Hush, sweet,
hush ! "

They kissed her and petted her fondly at first ;
But a storm arose, and the false light fled ;
And the zephyr changed into an angry breeze,
That scolded her till she was almost dead !

The gem on her bosom was stained and dark,
The snow of her robe had lost its light,
And tears of sorrow had dimmed the spark
Of beauty and youth, that made her bright !

And so she lay with her fair head low,
And mournfully sighed in her dying hour,
" Ah ! had I courageously answered ' no ! ' "
I had now been safe in my native bower ! "

Bring Flowers.

BRING flowers, fresh flowers, the fairest spring can
yield,

The starry gems of earth, o'er every field
Scattered in rich display ;

Bring flowers, fresh flowers around my dying bed
The sweetness of the sunny south to shed,
Ere I am called away.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers from every sheltered
glade,—

I know the glory of their tints will fade
Beneath my feverish breath.

Yet their sweet smiles seem to my wandering
thought

With promises of bliss and beauty fraught,
Winning my soul from death.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers,—ere they again shall
bloom

I shall be lying in the narrow tomb,

Mouldering in cold decay:—

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, that I may cheer my
heart

With pleasant images, ere I depart,
To tread death's darksome way.

Bring fruits, rich fruits, that blush on every bough
Bending above the traveller's weary brow

And wooing him to taste:

Bring fruits,—methinks I never knew how sweet
The joys that every day our senses greet,
Till now, in life's swift waste.

Bring fruits, rich fruits; earth's fairest gifts are
vain

To minister relief to the dull pain

That weighs upon my heart;

Yet bring me fruits and flowers,—they still have
power

To cheer, if not prolong, life's little hour;

Bring flowers ere I depart.

The Fairy Flax;

OR, FLOWER OF INNOCENCE.

It comes when wakes the pleasant spring,
When first the earth is green,—
Four white or pale blue leaves it hath,
With yellow heart between.

It grows about a heap of stones,
For there the dew will stay—
It springs beside the dusty road,
Where children are at play.

It dots with stars the grassy bank
That slopes adown the brook,—
And there it takes a deeper blue,
And there a fresher look.

On upland sod when doomed to bloom,
Its leaves are small and white,
As if it shrank within itself
And paled amid the light.

A dweller in a common path,
With myriads of its kind,
Yet doth its unpretending grace
A oneness bring to mind;

Like household charities that seem
So native to the heart,
That we forget, in seeing all,
That each is fair apart.

We call thee Innocence, sweet one,
And well it thee beseems,
For thou art cherished in the heart,
With childhood's sinless dreams.

Flowers.

YE are the stars of earth—ye glorious things!
And as your skyey kindred gem the night,
So ye, with hues like rainbows, yet more bright,
Gladden the day; and, as each sunburst flings

More wide your nectared leaves, where lab'ring sings
The honey seeking bee, or in gay flight
Hovers the dainty butterfly, we might
Deem ye, too, insects, birds without wings.
Ye *are* the stars of earth, and dear to me
Is each small twinkling bud that wanders free
'Mid glade or woodland, or by murm'ring stream,
For ye to me are more than sweet or fair—
I love ye for the mem'ries that ye bear
Of by-gone hours, whose bliss was but a dream.

Violets.

SWEET violets, Love's paradise, that spread
Your gracious odors, which you couched beare
Within your paly faces,
Upon the gentle wing of some calm-breathing wind
That plays amidst the plain ;
If, by the favor of propitious stars, you gain
Such grace as in my lady's bosom place to find,
Be proud to touch those places.

Scene from "Pan's Anniversary."

STREW, strew the glad and smiling ground
With every flower, yet not confound,
The primrose drop, the Spring's own spouse,
Bright day's eyes, and the lips of cows,
 The garden star, the queen of May
 The rose, to crown the holy-day.

Drop, drop your violets, change your hues,
Now red, now pale, as lovers use,
And in your death go out as well
As when you lived unto the smell;
 That from your odor all may say
 This is the shepherd's holy-day.

SHEPHERD.

Well done, my pretty ones—rain roses still,
Until the last be dropt; then hence, and fill
Your fragrant prickles for a second shower,
Bring corn-flags, tulips, and Adonis-flower,
Fair ox-eye, goldy-locks, and columbine,

Pinks, garlands, king-cups, and sweet sops-in-wine,
Blue hare-bells, pagles, pansies, calaminth,
Flower gentle, and the fair-haired hyacinth.
Bring rich carnations, flower-de-luces, lilies,
The chequered and purple ringed daffodillies,
Bright crown-imperial, kingspear, hollyhock,
Sweet Venus'-navel, and soft lady-smocks.
Bring too some branches forth of Daphne's hair,
And gladdest myrtle for these posts to wear,
With spikenard weaved, and marjoram between,
And starred with yellow-gold, and meadow's queen,
That when the altar, as it ought, is drest,
More odor comes not from the phoenix' vest,
The breath thereof Phanchaia may envy,
The colors China, and the light the sky.

The Daisy.

SAVE certainly, whan that the month of Maie
Is comen, and that I heare the foules sing,
And that the floures ginnen for to spring,

Farewell my booke, and my devocion :
Now have I than eke this condicion,
That of all the floures in the mede
Than love I most these floures white and rede,
Such that were callen Daisies in our town,
So hence I have so great affection,
As I sayd erst, when comen is the Maie,
That in my bedde there daweth me no daie,
That I am up and walking in the mede
To see this floure agenst the sunne sprede ;
When it up riseth early by the morrow,
That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow,
So glad am I, when that I have presence
Of it to done it alle reverence,
As she that is of all floures the floure,
Fulfilled of all vertue and honoure,
And ever ylike faire, and fresh of hewe,
And ever I love it, and ever ylike newe,
And shall, till that mine herte die,
Alle sweare I not, of this I wool not die.

The Violet.

SWEET flower, you fondly strive to hide
Your lovely form from public view,
While the gay blossom's eastern pride
Appears in every varied hue.

So will a cultured feeling mind,
Oft trembling shrink from worldly gaze;
Whilst flippant wit, at ease reclined,
Spreads all around its transient rays.

Yet do I love that modest flower,
Which blossoms in the humble shade,
And asks not for the sun's bright power,
By which this splendid plant's arrayed.

The Water-Lilies;

OR, A VOYAGER'S DREAM OF LAND

THERE'S a spring in the woods by my sunny home,
Afar from the dark sea's tossing foam;

Oh! the fall of that fountain is sweet to hear,
As a song from the shore to the sailor's ear!
And the sparkle which up to the sun it throws,
Through the feathery fern and the olive boughs,
And the gleam on its path as it steals away
Into deeper shades from the sultry day;
And the large Water-Lilies that o'er its bed,
Their pearly leaves to the soft light spread;
These haunt me! I dream of that bright spring's
 flow,
I thirst for its rills like a wounded roe.

Flowers prove God's Existence.

Nor worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
 Need we to prove a God is here;
The Daisy, fresh from Winter's sleep,
 Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the skies
 And pours the day-spring's living flood,

Wond'rous alike in all he tries,
Could raise the Daisy's purple bud ?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin ;
And cut the gold-embossed gem
That, set in silver, gleams within !—

And fling it unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,
That man where'er he walks, may see
In every step the stamp of God ?

Night-Scented Flowers.

CALL back your odors, lovely flowers,
From the night-winds, call them back ;
And fold your leaves till the laughing hours
Come forth in the sunbeam's track.

The lark lies couched in her grassy nest,
And the honey-bee is gone ;

And all bright things are away to rest,
Why watch ye here alone ?

“Nay, let our shadowy beauty bloom,
When the stars give quiet light ;
And let us offer our faint perfume
On the silent shrine of night.

“Call it not wasted, the scent we lend
To the breeze, when no step is nigh :
Oh, thus forever the earth should send
Her grateful breath on high !

“And love us as emblems, night’s dewy flowers,
Of hopes unto sorrows given,
That spring through the gloom of the darkest hours
Looking alone to heaven.”

The Blue Hare-Bell.

HAVE ye ever heard in the twilight dim,
A low, soft strain,

That ye fancied a distant vesper hymn,
 Borne o'er the plain
By the zephyrs that rise on perfumed wing,
When the sun's last glances are glimmering ?

Have ye heard that music, with cadence sweet,
 And merry peal,
Ring out, like the echoes of fairy feet,
 O'er flowers that steal ?
And did ye deem that each trembling tone
Was the distant vesper chime alone ?

The source of that whispering strain I'll tell ;
 For I've listened oft
To the music faint of the Blue Hare-bell,
 In the gloaming soft ;
'T is the gay fairy-folk the peal who ring,
At even-time for their banqueting.

And gaily the trembling bells peal out,
 With gentle tongue,
While elves and fairies career about,
 'Mid dance and song.
Oh, roses and lilies are fair to see ;
But the wild Blue-bell is the flower for me.

Religion in Flowers.

THERE is Religion in a flower;
Its still small voice is as the voice of conscience :
Mountains and oceans, planets, suns, and systems,
Bear not the impress of almighty power
In characters more legible than those
Which he has written on the tiniest flower,
Whose light bell bends beneath the dew-drop's
weight.

Earth Stars.

YE are the stars of earth,—and dear to me
Is each small twinkling gem that wanders free
'Mid glade or woodland, or by murm'ring stream,
For ye to me are more than sweet or fair,
I love ye for the mem'ries that ye bear
Of by-gone hours whose bliss was but a dream.

The Breath of Flowers.

THERE is a virtue in the breath of flowers,
Borne on the light-winged dew-drops to the sun,
That melts from out these stubborn hearts of ours
The purest incense to the Holy One.
A virtue, more medicinal for sadness,
Than morning drams to turn the heart to gladness.

The Language of Flowers.

TEACH thee their language? sweet, I know no
tongue,
No mystic art those gentle things declare,
I ne'er could trace the schoolman's trick among
Created things, so delicate and rare :
Their language? Prythee! why, they are themselves
But bright thoughts syllabled to shape and hue,
The tongue that erst was spoken by the elves,
When tenderness as yet within the world was
new.

And oh, do not their soft and starry eyes—

Now bent to earth, to heaven now meekly
pleading,

Their incense fainting as it seeks the skies,

Yet still from earth with freshening hope re-
ceding—

Say, do not these to every heart declare,

With all the silent eloquence of truth,

The language that they speak is Nature's prayer,

To give her back those spotless days of youth?

Eve's Love of Flowers.

SHE loved all simple flowers that sprung

In grove or sun-lit dell,

And of each streak and varied hue,

A meaning deep would tell;

For her a language was impressed

On every leaf that grew,

And lines revealing brighter worlds

That seraph fingers drew.

Each tiny leaf became a scroll
Inscribed with holy truth,
A lesson that around the heart
Should keep the dew of youth ;
Bright missals from angelic throngs
In every by-way left,
How were the earth of glory shorn,
Were it of flowers bereft !

They tremble on the Alpine height ;
The fissured rock they press ;
The desert wild, with heat and sand,
Shares too, their blessedness,
And wheresoe'er the weary heart
Turns in its dim despair,
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
Inviting it to prayer.



The Violet.

I LOVE all things the seasons bring,
All buds that start, all birds that sing,
All leaves from white to jet ;
All the sweet words that summer sends,
When she recalls her flowery friends,
But chief—the Violet !

I love, how *much* I love the rose,
On whose soft lips the south-wind blows,
In pretty amorous threat ;
The lily paler than the moon,
The odorous wondrous world of June,
Yet more—the Violet !

She comes, the first, the fairest thing
That heaven upon the earth doth fling,
Ere Winter's star has set :
She dwells behind her leafy screen,
And gives, as angels give, unseen,
So, love—the Violet !

What modest thoughts the Violet teaches,
What gracious boons the Violet preaches,
Bright maiden, ne'er forget !
But learn, and love, and so depart,
And sing thou, with thy wiser heart,
" Long live the Violet ! "

To the Snow-Drop.

PRETTY firstling of the year !
Herald of the host of flowers !
Hast thou left my cavern drear,
In the hope of summer hours ?
Back unto my earthen bowers !
Back to thy warm world below,
Till the strength of suns and showers
Quell the now relentless snow !

Art *still* here—Alive ? and blythe ?
Though the stormy Night hath fled,
And the Frost hath passed his scythe
O'er thy small unsheltered head ?

Ah!—some lie amidst the dead,
(Many a giant stubborn tree,—
Many a plant, its spirit shed,)
That were better nursed than thee!

What hath saved thee? Thou wast not
'Gainst the arrowy winter furred,—
Armed in scale,—but all forgot
When the frozen winds were stirred.
Nature, who doth clothe the bird,
Should have hid thee in the earth,
Till the cuckoo's song was heard,
And the Spring let loose her mirth.

Nature,—deep and mystic word!
Mighty mother, still unknown!
Thou didst sure the Snow-drop gird
With an armor all thine own!
Thou, who sent'st it forth alone
To the cold and sullen season,
(Like a thought at random thrown,)
Sent it thus for some grave reason!

If 't were but to pierce the mind
With a single gentle thought,
Who shall deem thee harsh or blind ?
Who that thou hast vainly wrought ?
Hoard the gentle virtue caught
From the Snow-drop,—reader wise !
Good is good, wherever taught,
On the ground or in the skies !

Flowers.

WE have left, behind us,
The riches of the meadows,—and now come
To visit the virgin Primrose where she dwells,
'Midst harebells and the wild-wood hyacinths.
'T is here she keeps her court. Dost see yon bank
The sun is kissing ? Near,—go near ! for there,
('Neath those broad leaves, amidst yon straggling
grasses,)
Immaculate odors from the Violet
Spring up forever ! Like sweet thoughts that come

Winged from the maiden fancy, and fly off
In music to the skies, and there are lost,
These ever-steaming odors seek the sun,
And fade in the light he scatters.

To the Daisy.

BRIGHT flower, whose home is everywhere!
A Pilgrim bold in Nature's care,
And oft, the long year through, the heir
Of joy or sorrow,
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest through!

And wherefore? Man is soon deprest;
A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason;

But Thou wouldst teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind
And every season.

Gratitude to Nature.

I kiss your trunks, ye ancient trees,
That often o'er my head
The blossoms of your flowery spring
In fragrant showers have shed.

Thou, too, of changeful mood,
I thank thee, sounding stream,
That blent thine echo with my thought,
Or woke my musing dream.
I kneel upon the verdant turf,
For sure my thanks are due
To moss-cup and to clover-leaf,
That gave me draughts of dew.

To each perennial flower,
Old tenants of the spot,
The broad-leaved lily of the vale,
And the meek forget-me-not,
To every daisy's dappled brow,
To every violet blue,
Thanks! thanks! may each returning year
Your changeless bloom renew.

To the Bramble Flower.

Thy fruit full well the school-boy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So, put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull
That cannot feel how fair,

Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are!
How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy branchy stem!
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them;
While silent showers are falling slow,
And 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the moss'd gray stone
Hath laid her weary head;
But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's bloomy hour.
Scorned bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bid'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

Mary Lee.

I HAVE traced the valleys fair
In May morning's dewy air,
My bonny Mary Lee!
Wilt thou deign the wreath to wear,
Gathered all for thee?
They are not flowers of pride,
For they graced the dingle side:
Yet they grew in heaven's smile,
My gentle Mary Lee!
Can they fear thy frowns the while,
Though offered by me?

Here's the lily of the vale,
That perfumed the morning gale,
My fairy Mary Lee!
All so spotless and so pale,
Like thine own purity.
And, might I make it known,
'T is an emblem of my own

Love—if I dare so name

My esteem for thee.

Surely flowers can bear no blame,

My bonny Mary Lee !

Here 's the violet's modest blue,

That 'neath hawthorns hides from view,

My gentle Mary Lee,

Would show whose heart is true,

While it thinks of thee.

While they choose each lowly spot,

The sun disdains them not ;

I 'm as lowly, too, indeed,

My charming Mary Lee :

So I 've brought the flowers to plead,

And win a smile from thee.

Here 's a wild rose just in bud ;

Spring's beauty in its hood,

My bonny Mary Lee !

'Tis the first in all the wood

I could find for thee.

Though a blush is scarcely seen,

Yet it hides its worth within,

Like my love: for I've no power,
My angel, Mary Lee,
To speak, unless the flower
Can make excuse for me.

Though they deck no princely halls,
In bouquets for glittering balls,
My gentle Mary Lee!
Richer hues than painted walls
Will make them dear to thee;
For the blue and laughing sky
Spreads a grander canopy,
Than all wealth's golden skill,
My charming Mary Lee!
Love would make them dearer still,
That offers them to thee.

My wreathed flowers are few,
Yet no fairer drink the dew,
My bonny Mary Lee!
They may seem as trifles too—
Not I hope to thee.
Some may boast a richer prize
Under pride and wealth's disguise;

None a fonder offering bore
Than this of mine to thee;
And can true love wish for more?
Surely not, Mary Lee!

To a Mountain Daisy,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH A PLOUGH.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Poetry of Flowers.

Oh! thou magic world of flowers,
Fairy ministers of grace,
Soothing all our weary hours,
Decking every lonely place
With tinting bright and strange,
Glowing in a world of change.

Hidden links of some fair sphere,
Breathing of its hues of light,
Ye have holy spells and dear,
Ye have tokens for the sight;
The spell of love, the voice of power,
May thrill us from a fragile flower.



Garden Daisy.

STAR of the mead ! sweet daughter of the day,
Whose opening flower invites the morning ray
From thy moist cheek, and bosom's chilly fold,
To kiss the tears of eve the dewdrops cold !
Sweet daisy, flower of love ! when birds are paired,
'T is sweet to see thee, with thy bosom bared,
Smiling, in virgin innocence, serene,
Thy pearly crown above thy vest of green.
The lark, with sparkling eye, and rustling wing,
Rejoins his widowed mate in early spring,
And as she prunes his plumes of russet hue,
Swears, on thy maiden-blossom, to be true.

Oft have I watched thy closing buds at eve,
Which, for the parting sunbeams seemed to grieve,
And, when gay morning gilt the dew bright plain,
Seen them unclasp their folded leaves again.
Nor he who sung—"the daisy is so sweet"—
More dearly loved thy pearly form to greet ;
When on his scarf the knight the daisy bound,
And dames at tourneys shone with daisies crowned,

And fays forsook the purer fields above,
To hail the daisy, flower of faithful love.

Lily of the Valley.

SWEET flower o' the valley, wi' blossoms of snow,
And green leaves that turn the cauld blast frae
their stems;

Bright emblem o' innocence, thy beauties I lo'e,
Aboon the king's coronet circled wi' gems!

There's no tinsel about thee, to make thee mair
bright,

Sweet lily! thy loveliness a' is thine ain,
And thy bonnie bells, danglin' sae pure and sae light,
Proclaim thee the fairest o' Flora's bright train.

The Snowdrop.

THOU beautiful new-comer,
With white and maiden brow,
Thou fairy gift from summer !
Why art thou blooming now ?
No sweet companion pledges
Thy health as dewdrops pass ;
No rose is on the hedges,
No violet in the grass :
Thou art watching, and thou only,
Above the earth's snow tomb ;
Thus lovely and thus lonely,
I bless thee for thy bloom.



Flowers.

Oh! they look upward in every place
Through this beautiful world of ours,
And dear as a smile on an old friend's face
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers!
They tell us of wanderings by woods and streams;
They tell us of lanes and trees;
But the children of showers and sunny beams
Have lovelier tales than these—

The bright, bright flowers

They tell of a season when men were not,
When earth was by angels trod,
And leaves and flowers in every spot
Burst forth at the call of God;
When spirits, singing their hymns at even,
Wandered by wood and glade,
And the Lord looked down from the highest heaven,
And blessed what he had made—

The bright, bright flowers!

That blessing remaineth upon them still,
Though often the storm-cloud lowers,
And frequent tempests may soil and chill
The gayest of earth's flowers.

When Sin and Death, with their sister Grief,
Made a home in the hearts of men,
The blessing of God on each tender leaf
Preserved in their beauty then—

The bright, bright flowers!

The lily is lovely as when it slept
On the waters of Eden's lake;
The woodbine breathes sweetly as when he crept
In Eden from brake to brake.
They were left as the proof of the loveliness
Of Adam and Eve's first home:
They are here as a type of the joys that bless
The just in the world to come—

The bright, bright flowers!

A Dream of Spring Flowers.

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,
And gentle odors led my steps astray
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in a
dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearly Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated that never sets;
Faint ox-lips; tender blue-bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that
wets
Its mother's face with heaven collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the shorn hedge grew bush eglantine,
Green cowbird, and the moonlight-colored May,
And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wind
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day,
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves wandering astray ;
And flowers azure, black and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

The Crocus.

DAINTY young thing
Of life! thou venturous flower,
Who growest through the hard cold bower
Of wintry spring.

Thou various hued,
Soft, voiceless bell, whose spire
Rocks in the grassy leaves like wire
In solitude.

Like patience, thou
Art quiet in thy earth,
Instructing Hope that virtue's birth
Is feeling's vow.

Thy fancied bride,
The delicate Snowdrop, keeps
Her home with thee ;
Near thy true side.

Will man but hear !
A simple flower can tell
What beauties in his mind should dwell
Through passion's sphere.



Wild Flowers.

BEAUTIFUL children of the woods and fields!

That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the
heather,

Or into clusters 'neath the hazels gather—
Or where by hoary rocks you make your bields,
And sweetly flourish on thro' summer weather—
I love ye all!

Beautiful flowers! to me ye fresher seem

From the Almighty hand that fashioned all,
Than those that flourish by a garden-wall;
And I can image you as in a dream,

Fair, modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small—
I love ye all!

Beautiful gems! that on the brow of earth

Are fixed as in a queenly diadem:

Though lowly ye, and most without a name,
Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,
As light erewhile into the world came—

I love ye all!

Beautiful things ye are where'er ye grow !

The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes—

Our own blue-bell—the daisy that doth rise

Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow ;

And thousands more of blessed forms and dyes—

I love ye all !

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew !

Fanned in your loveliness by every breeze,

And shaded o'er by green and arching trees :

I often wish that I were one of you,

Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas—

I love ye all !

Beautiful watchers ! day and night ye wake !

The evening star grows dim and fades away,

And morning comes and goes, and then the day

Within the arms of night its rest doth take ;

But ye are watchful wheresoe'er we stray—

I love ye all !

Beautiful objects of the wild bee's love !

The wild bird joys your opening bloom to see,

And in your native woods and wilds to be.

All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move;
Ye are so passing fair—so passing free—
I love ye all!

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—
The dingle deep—the moorland stretching wide,
And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side!
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell:
And though the worldling, scorning, may deride—
I love ye all!

MOSS.

PRAISED be the mosses soft
In earth's pathway very oft;
And the thorns which make us think
Of the thornless river brink,
Where the heavenly tread!
Praised be thy sunny gleams,
And the storm that worketh dreams
Of calm unfinished.

The Primrose.

THE milk-white blossoms of the thorn
Are waving o'er the pool,
Moved by the wind that breathes along
So sweetly and so cool.

The hawthorn clusters bloom above,
The primrose hides below,
And on the lonely passer by
A modest glance doth throw!

The humble primrose's bonnie face
I meet it everywhere;
Where other flowers disdain to bloom,
It comes and nestles there.
Like God's own light, on every place
In glory it doth fall:
And where its dwelling-place is made,
It straightway hallows all!

Where'er the green-winged linnet sings
The primrose bloometh lone;

And love it wins—deep love from all
Who gaze its sweetness on.
On field-paths narrow, and in woods,
We meet thee near and far,
Till thou becomest prized and loved
As things familiar are!

The stars are sweet at eventide,
But cold and far away ;
The clouds are soft in summer time,
But all unstable they :
The rose is rich—but pride of place
Is far too high for me—
God's simple common things I love—
My primrose, such as thee !

I love the fireside of my home,
Because all sympathies,
The feelings fond of every day,
Around its circle rise.
And while admiring all the flowers
That summer suns can give,
Within my heart the primrose sweet,
In lowly love doth live !

Precepts of Flowers.

FLOWERS of the field, how meet ye seem

Man's frailty to portray,

Blooming so fair in morning's beam,

Passing at eve away :

Teach this, and, oh ! though brief your reign,

Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain.

Go, form a monitory wreath

For youth's unthinking brow ;

Go, and to busy mankind breathe

What most he fears to know ;

Go strew the path where age doth tread,

And tell him of the silent dead.

But whilst to thoughtless ones and gay,

Ye breathe these truths severe,

To those who droop in pale decay,

Have ye no words of cheer ?

Oh yes ! ye weave a double spell,

And death and life betoken well.

An Extract.

EVEN in the depth
Of hot July the glades were cool ; the grass
Yellow and parch'd elsewhere, grew long and fresh,
Shading wild strawberries and violets,
Or the lark's nest ; and overhead the dove
Had her lone dwelling, paying for her home
With melancholy songs ; and scarce a beach
Was there without a honeysuckle link'd
Around, with its red tendrils and pink flowers ;
Or girdled by a briar rose, whose buds
Yield fragrant harvest for the honey bee.

The Lily of the Valley.

FAIR flower, that lapt in lowly glade
Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,
Than whom the vernal gale
None fairer wakes on bank or spray,
Our England's lily of the May,
Our lily of the vale.

Art thou that "lily of the field,"
Which, when the Saviour sought to shield
The heart from blank despair,
He showed to our mistrustful kind
An emblem to the thoughtful mind
Of God's paternal care?

But not the less, sweet springtide's flower,
Dost thou display the Maker's power,
His skill and handiwork,
Our western valleys humbler child;
Where in green nook of woodland wild,
Thy modest blossoms lurk.

What though nor care nor art be thine,
The loom to ply, the thread to twine;
Yet, born to bloom and fade,
Thee, too, a lovelier robe arrays,
Than ere in Israel's brightest days
Her wealthiest king arrayed.

Of thy twin leaves th' embowered screen
Which wraps thee in thy shroud of green;
Thy Eden-breathing smell;

Thy arched and purple-vested stem,
Whence pendant many a pearly gem,
Displays a milk-white bell ;

Instinct with life thy fibrous root,
Which sends from earth the ascending shoot,
As rising from the dead,
And fills thy veins with verdant juice,
Charged thy fair blossoms to produce,
And berries scarlet red ;

The triple cell, the twofold seed,
A ceaseless treasure-house decreed,
Whence aye thy race may grow,
As from creation they have grown,
While spring shall weave her flowery crown,
Or vernal breezes blow :—

Who forms thee thus with unseen hand,
Who at creation gave command,
And willed thee thus to be,
And keeps thee still in being through
Age after age revolving, who
But the great God is He ?

Omnipotent to work his will ;
Wise, who contrives each part to fill
The post to each assigned ;
Still provident, with sleepless care
To keep ; to make thee sweet and fair
For man's enjoyment kind.

"There is no God," the senseless say :—
"O God, why cast'st thou us away ?"
Of feeble faith and frail
The mourner breathes his anxious thought—
By thee a better lesson taught,
Sweet lily of the vale.

Yes ! He who made and fosters thee,
In reason's eye perforce must be
Of majesty divine ;
Nor deems she that His guardian care
Will He in man's support forbear,
Who thus provides for thine.

Meadow Saffron.

METHINKS a voice thus answers low
By Hollwell's deep and silent flow,
For not another sound is heard,
From wandering bee or joyous bird,
And far and wide, o'er dale and hill,
Deep silence holds her vigils still.
O list my words, vain erring man!
For thus the gentle voice began,
Who thinks, because the sun is low,
And deep and dark the torrents flow,
And summer's last loved rose is gone,
And warbling birds from dale or bourn,
That I, a lone and orphan flower,
Child of this drear and joyless hour,
Upspringing in the wild mead lone,
From whence all other flowers are gone,
Must sink before the chastening blast,
When murky clouds are gathering fast.
Ah, no! nor stern winds piping loud,
Nor sleet, nor rain, from driving cloud,

Can harm the little orphan flower,
Which God hath set in this lone hour.
That mighty Hand which placed on high
The glittering stars that stud the sky;
And those—the seven fair isles of light,
So purely, spiritually, bright,
Which shine, as if nor care nor sin
Could find a place their realms within.
That mighty Hand has placed me here,
Child of the pale descending year,
Witness, that neither sleet nor rain,
Nor stern winds eddying o'er the plain,
Can harm the little orphan flower,
Sustain'd in weakness by His power.

The Use of Flowers.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow ;
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain ;
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man,
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made
All dyed with rainbow-light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night :—

Springing in valleys green and low
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by ?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?—
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For who so careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him!

Scarlet Pimpernel.

In every copse and shelter'd dell,
Unveiled to the observant eye,
Are faithful monitors, who tell
How pass the hours and seasons by.

The green robed children of the spring
Denote the periods as they pass:
Mingle with leaves, Time's rapid wing,
And bind with flowers his silent glass.

The Daisy.

SHE lifts up her dewy eye of white,
To welcome the rising orb of light ;
And when the Spring comes with her host
Of flowers, that flower belov'd the most,
Shrinks from the crowd that may confuse
Her heavenly beauty and virgin hues,
The morning star of all the flowers,
The pledge of daylight's lengthen'd hours :
A simple flower of lowly birth,
Yet lingering still to deck the earth,
On waste or woodland, rock or plain,
When swift has pass'd the floreal train.



Great Bindweed.

THE lark sings loud, and the throstle's song
Is heard from the depth of the hawthorn's dale;
And the rush of the streamlet the vales among,
Doth blend with the sighs of the whispering gale.
But this little flower the road beside,
Speaks low to the mind of the passer-by;
While the whispering wind in his airy ride,
Says, look to that flower, the hedge-row's pride,
She doeth her day's task lovingly.

The Goat's-Beard.

To lay one down
Upon the thymy bank where wild flowers grow,
And the tall corn is rustling in the breeze,
Till Flora's clock, the goat's-beard, tells the hour,
And closing, says,—“ Arise ! the noon is come.”

Summer Woods.

Come ye into the summer woods;
There entereth no annoy;
All greenly wave the chestnut leaves,
And the earth is full of joy.

I cannot tell you half the sights
Of beauty you may see,
The bursts of golden sunshine,
And many a shady tree:

There, lightly swung, in bowery glades,
The honey-suckles twine;
There blooms the rose-red campion,
And the dark-blue columbine.

There grows the four-leaved plant "true-love,"
In some dusk woodland spot;
There grows the enchanter's night-shade,
And the wood forget-me-not.

The Bellwort.

Look up, look up, thou timid thing,
Nor let thy head sae pensive hing!

I am nae tyrant come to wring

 Thee fra the earth.

Thou art the daughter o' a King!

 O' royal birth!

An' he, wha fashioned me to think,
Maks suns to shine, an' starnies blink—
Gies ilka root in earth its drink

 An' daily fare!

So, dinna fear he 'll let thee sink

 Below his care.

For tho' he formed thy slender bell
To drap within the laighlie dell,
He kens an' lo'es thee just as well

 As the tall tree,

That, proud as if it made itsel',

 Towers over thee.

An', wha that sees his finger move,
To turn the spheres that roll above,
Will need a word o' mine to prove
That, in his sight,
Thou and the cedar o' the grove
Are like in height ?

But then, he'd hae thee be content
To live an' die where thou wert sent ;
An' ne'er get a' unwisely bent
To quit the place,
Whilk thy Creator ever meant
That thou should'st grace.

Like thee, should ilka virtuous mind,
Where fa's its lot, there be resigned,
Tho' humble here, it soon will find
That in the sequel,
The haughtiest laird o' human kind
Is but its equal !

Water Lily.

MARK where transparent waters glide,
Soft flowing o'er their tranquil bed ;
There, cradled on the dimpling tide,
Nymphaea rests her lovely head.

But conscious of the earliest ray,
Though night mists veil the lake or land,
She hastes to greet the orient day,
And bids her peerless sweets expand.

Till the bright day star to the west
Declines, in ocean's surge to lave ;
Then folded in her modest vest,
She slumbers on the rocking wave.



The Anemone.

THY charm, pale, modest, timid one,
Is this, that thou dost ever shun
The public walk, and to the sun

Dost show an open heart,
Which does not fear the brightest ray
That 's darted from the eye of day,
Will aught of secret stain betray,
Or find a double part.

And thou hast never been beguiled
To quit the simple, quiet wild,
Where nature placed her modest child

To worship her alone.
Thou dost not ask the brow of toil
To shed its costly dew, to spoil
The bed of free, untortured soil,
Which thou hast made thine own.

And now, if I were hence to take
Thee, root and stem, it would but make

Thee homesick—and the spell would break,
That 's round the desert gem.
So, I will set me down and look
On thy fair leaves, my little book,
To read the name of Him, who took
Such care in forming them!

The Lily.

IMPERIAL beauty! fair, unrivalled one!
What flower of earth has honor high as thine,—
To find its name on His unsullied lips,
Whose eye was light from heaven?

In vain the power
Of human voice to swell the strain of praise
Thou hast received; and which will ever sound
Long as the page of inspiration shines—
While mortal songs shall die as summer winds
That, wafting off thine odors, sink to sleep!
I will not praise thee, then; but thou shalt be
My hallowed flower! The sweetest, purest thoughts

Shall cluster round thee, as thy snowy bells
On the green, polished stalk, that puts them forth !
I will consider thee, and melt my cares
In the bland accents of His soothing voice,
Who, from the hill of Palestine, looked round
For a fair specimen of skill divine ;
And, pointing out the *Lily of the Field*,
Declared, the wisest of all Israel's kings,
In his full glory, not arrayed like thee !

Song.

VIOLET ! sweet violet !
Thine eyes are full of tears ;
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thought of other years ?
Or with gladness are they full,
For the night so beautiful,
And longing for those far-off spheres ?

Loved-one of my youth thou wast,
Of my merry youth,
And I see,
Tearfully,
All the fair and sunny past,
All its openness and truth,
Ever fresh and green in thee
As the moss is in the sea.

Thy little heart, that hath with love
Grown colored like the sky above,
On which thou lookest ever,—
Can it know
All the woe
Of hope for what returneth never;
All the sorrow and the longing
To these hearts of ours belonging?

Out on it! no foolish pining
For the sky
Dims thine eye,
Or for the stars so calmly shining;
Like thee let this soul of mine

Take hue from that wherefor I long,
Self-stayed and high, serene and strong,
Not satisfied with hoping—but divine.

Violet ! dear violet !

Thy blue eyes are only wet
With joy and love of Him who sent thee
And for the fulfilling sense
Of that glad obedience
Which made thee all that nature meant thee !

The Walk.

FLOWERS of all hue are struggling into glow,
Along the blooming fields ; yet their sweet strife
Melts into one harmonious concord. Lo,
The path allures me through the pastoral green,
And the wide world of fields ! The laboring bee
Hums round me ; and on hesitating wing
O'er beds of purple clover quiveringly
Hovers the butterfly. Save these, all life
Sleeps in the glowing sunlight's steady sheen,—

E'en from the west, no breeze the lull'd airs bring.
Hark ! in the calm aloft, I hear the skylark sing !

The thicket rustles near; the alders bow
Down their green coronals; and as I pass,
Waves in the rising wind, the silvering grass.
Come, day's ambrosial night ! receive me now
Beneath the roof by shadowy beeches made,
Cool-breathing ! Lost the gentler landscape's bloom !
And as the path mounts, snake-like, through the
shade,

Deep woods close round me with mysterious gloom;
Still, through the trellice-leaves, at stolen whiles,
Glints the stray beam, or the meek azure smiles,
Again, and yet again, the veil is riven—
And the glade opening, with a sudden glare,
Lets in the blinding day ! Before me, heaven
With all its far-unbounded ! one blue hill
Ending the gradual world—in vapor !

Hedge-Row Flowers.

HERE along the hedge-row side
Flow'rets of all colors hide ;
Here the daisy, white and red,
Lifts to heaven its starry head ;
Here the primrose, meek and pale,
Weeps to hear the lily's tale,
How, in former days and bowers,
Zephyr, stealing 'mid the flowers,
Woodyed her as he swept along,
With a sweet and balmy song ;
Sweet, oh very sweet, and then
Left her in a lonely glen,
Near a river's glassy brim,
Till her cheek grew pale and dim ;
And her beauty, once as bright
As the crimson rose's light,
Passed away like summer's beam
From the surface of a stream !—
Here the " little calendine,"

Sung by prouder harps than mine,*
Wooes the breeze to kiss away
The jewelled dew-drops that inlay,
Like purest thoughts, its dainty breast!
Here the cowslip loves to rest,
And its yellow ringlets toss
O'er its couch of velvet moss!
Here the spotted foxglove dwells,
Ringing oft its fairy bells;
And its sister, purely white,
Makes the shady places bright,
Like that maiden, mild and young,
By Spenser's magic numbers sung!

There are richer gems than these
Kissed and fanned by many a breeze;
Gems, on which the rainbow seems
To have flung Elysian gleams;
And the *spirit of perfume*
To have wept ambrosial bloom!

* Vide Wordsworth's Poems.

The Flowers.

CHILDREN of suns restored to youth,
In purpled fields ye dwell,
Rear'd to delight and joy—in sooth,
Kind Nature loves ye well ;
Broider'd with light the robes ye wear,
And liberal Flora decks ye fair,
In gorgeous-color'd pride :
Yet woe—Spring's harmless infants—woe,
Mourn, for ye wither while ye glow—
Mourn for the soul denied !

The skylark and the night-bird sing
To you their hymns of love,
And sylphs that wanton on the wing
Embrace your blooms above ;
Woven for love's soft pillow were
The chalice crowns ye blushing bear,
By the Idalian queen :
Yet weep, soft children of the Spring,
The feelings love alone can bring
To you denied have been !

But me in vain my Laura's eyes,
Her mother hath forbidden;
For in the buds I gather, lies
Love's symbol-language hidden—
Mute heralds of voluptuous pain,
I touch ye—life, speech, heart, ye gain,
And soul, denied before;
And silently your leaves enclose
The mightiest god in arch repose,
Soft cradled in the core!

The Violets.

VIOLETS!—deep-blue violets!
April's loveliest coronets!
There are no flowers grow in the vale,
Kissed by the dew, wooed by the gale,—
None by the dew of the twilight wet,
So sweet as the deep-blue violet;
I do remember how sweet a breath
Came with the azure light of a wreath

That hung round the wild harp's golden chords
Which rang to my dark-eyed lover's words.
I have seen that dear harp rolled
With gems of the East and bands of gold ;
But it never was sweeter than when set
With leaves of the deep blue violet !
And when the grave shall open for me,—
I care not how soon that time may be,—
Never a rose shall grow on that tomb,
It breathes too much of hope and of bloom ;
But there be that flower's meek regret,
The bending and deep-blue violet !

SHE sat her in her twilight bower,
A temple formed of leaf and flower ;
Rose and myrtle framed the roof,
To a shower of April proof ;
And primroses, pale gems of spring,
Lay on the green turf glistening,
Close by the violet, whose breath
Is so sweet in a dewy wreath.

And O, that myrtle! how green it grew!
With flowers as white as the pearls of dew
That shone beside: and the glorious rose
Lay like a beauty in warm repose,
Blushing in slumber.

My home and haunt are in every leaf,
Whose life is a summer day bright and brief,—
I live in the depths of the tulip's bower,
I wear a wreath of the cistus flower,
I drink the dew of the blue harebell,
I know the breath of the violet well,—
The white and the azure violet:
But I know not which is the sweetest yet,—
I have kissed the cheek of the rose,
I have watched the lily unclose,
My silver mind is the almond tree,
Who will come dwell with flower and me?

